

Forget me, not

by Silven K

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Summary: If you grow old, and whither away. Mind crumbling, forgetting everything you hold dear... promise I will not be forgotten. GodsAU.

1. Chapter 1

Forget me, not.

When you're alone, remember I was always there for you.

When you're afraid, remember how I held you.

When you're lost, remember I always found you.

When you fall into despair, remember my smile.

When you mourn me, remember I live on with you.

But please don't forget me.

"Children, this is a story of a young god and a human. One who knew nothing of death, and one bound to die one day. It is a sad tale to be told, yet it still needs to be heard. So I, young ones, shall tell you this tale. Keep in mind, not all stories have happy endings. So let me take you back. All the way back to the beginning."

* * *

><p>Part one<p>

Alone

Snowflakes floated down to the rough mountain surface. Each crevice of the mountainous area had filled with a feet of snow, it somewhat

betrayed the light trickle that danced across the night sky. The moon illuminated the white flakes making the ground sparkle like a thousand white diamonds. And, although the wind was chilly, the village in the valley was calmly enjoying its winter days.

The lush forest, though many trees had empty branches, had an abundance of both wild life and thick shrubbery. Icicles hung low on in the branches of each tree. So low, that perhaps an unsuspecting visitor to the wooded area would run into them. No tracks, footprints or paw prints, were found, even if there had been any form of wildlife, they would have been covered within the hour.

At this time, deep within the dusky hours of twilight, most villagers slept. The children had been tucked away into their beds by parents long before. And even the adults had fallen into a comfortable sleep. It was a peaceful time, where there was no rush of carriages through the street. No loud clanking of the horses' shoes against concrete or gravel. Only solitude.

Between the tree branches on the outskirts of town, yellow eyes looked up at the starless night sky. Even though no light showed, and the valley was filled with an overwhelming darkness, the stars remained invisible to those eyes. Wind blew, forcing purple hair across pale skin. Yellow eyes closed and short purple bangs were pushed back into place.

_What am I doing here again? _The purple haired boy said, opening his eyes once the breeze had died down. A snowflake came down to kiss his nose. His yellow eyes stared at it until it melted. _So pretty._

Turning his head, ever so slightly, in the direction of the village, a small flash of black crossed his vision. He rolled his illuminating yellow eyes and ignored the raven. But the bird set its claws down on the branch across from the small boy. Letting black wings spread out wide, he called. "Shino-dono, Masuta-dono has been looking for you. It's time to return home."

"I don't like that form Murasame. Take the other one before speaking with me." Shino said dully, leaning against the old oak of the tree he perched himself on.

The raven sighed. His master was so spoiled sometimes. But nevertheless he did as the boy commanded. Throwing his wings in front of his beak, his feathers melted away leaving the sleeves of the black kimono he wore. He didn't grow very much, he was hardly taller than the purple haired boy. His skin was silky, smooth and pale. The only features that could relate him to the raven he had once been, were his violet-red eyes and feathery black hair that fell just below the nap of his neck in the back, and brushed his eyelashes in the front.

"Shino-dono, it's time to go back to our own place." Murasame brushed his fingertips against the dark bark of the old tree.

Shino's eyes moved listlessly over his unwanted company. Yellow irises skimmed over the village. Maybe next time he could escape his father's and brother's watchful eyes, he would play with the humans of the village. Not that he understood what the difference was between him, gods, and humans.

As Murasame jumped down from the tree, and the short boy went to follow, he couldn't help but feel he had already visited this place before. But when he tried to picture it, his mind went blank. He felt it so strongly, but he had no idea why this place would mean anything to him. He shrugged it off.

_Maybe in other time, some other life, I once spent a great deal of time here. Now, it feels like I'm just trying to get back. _

But gods only live one life, unlike humans.

* * *

><p>Who knows how long it had been since that day. By the time the purple haired boy escaped again, the snow had not only stopped falling but had melted away. The wooded area was filled with greenery. The moon didn't hang high in the sky this time, instead, the sun hadn't even risen to its full peak yet.<p>

Laughter of children could be heard echoing loudly through the village. The small community looked livelier than ever. The land surrounding them was coarse and hard to work on, but still several older men worked away on the village farmland just outside of the forest. The crops, Shino guessed, were only enough for the village to survive on. It looked like tiring pointless work to him.

His yellow eyes glided over children who played tag in the fields that weren't being used as small farms. Boys and girls of various ages cowered away from one boy, the one they named 'It'.

Shino watched them from his tree. His long girlish hair brushed against his white kimono. He forced it behind an ear, wishing he had short hair like the boy chasing others around.

He wasn't a tall boy, maybe one of average height. His eyes were big and blue, just shades darker than his hair. But the way that he laughed as he scooped the young rosette haired girl up into his arms made Shino envious.

After all, not many people could see gods among them. Over the years of escaping to the human world, Shino found this to be the cruelest of truths. He had often listened to the tales of his brother, when he was far younger, and never had his brother been noticed by a human unless he forced himself into a mortal form. But even that came with restrictions. However, his brother had lived the life of a human hundreds of years ago, returning to his godhood after death, and never again. His brother told him how trifling it was, how horrible. He never spoke a word of greatness. It only made Shino want it that much more.

So the yellow eyed boy looked on longingly. Wishing he was one of them, even if only for a short time. Even if he died a horrible death and had to remember the pain and agony for a millennium. He still looked on with lonely eyes.

* * *

><p>I'm back.

****All thanks to my great beta reader Miraki-chan****

****Thank you for making this readable! ****

****Umm disclaimer- not mine****

****Please review****

2. Chapter 2

Forget me, not

Part two

Of watching the days go by

Shino watched the children play for what he thought was almost everyday. Their games seemed never ending. They would come out at dawn, play till midday, taking only short breaks to catch their breath. From sun up till sun down, the small villagers would run around the field.

As time passed so did seasons. The leaves on the trees turned from the lively shade of green to a rusted color before falling to the ground. Sometimes Shino would notice a child every now and again missing from the field. Although they would always show up a few days later, so he never thought much of it.

Sometimes Shino would find himself waiting for the blue haired boy. Over time the boy had grown taller, his hair cut shorter. Every now and again, the small god would find himself unable to tell who was who. Even if it had seemed like only a day to him, weeks and sometimes months would pass between his visits.

One day, Shino leaned on his branch watching, wait for the children to show up. Snow had once again covered the ground. The sun peeked over the eastern mountains as if greeting the world. The purple haired boy waited and waited, until his eyes fluttered shut with the winter chill surrounding him.

* * *

><p>Shino left after a day of waiting and no one coming to the field. For the first time in a very long time, he felt lonely, almost betrayed. He wanted nothing more than to see what silly game they had intended to play that day.<p>

As he mumbled about it, and thought it over in his bedroom chamber, he realized something for the first time. None of those humans would care if he watched, or even sometimes pretended to join in. He wasn't one of them, he never would be. They lived in different worlds. They couldn't touch him, couldn't see him, wouldn't notice him. As they grew old, he would remain the same. Forever and always.

At first, he was sad. It was as much his fault as their's. It was not up to him what he was born as. But tales of the human world, often made him curious. The stories often came from his big brother Rio. But, much to Shino's dismay, Rio hated humans much like their father. The stories Rio told were ones of great hatred. On how it was

painfully obvious how much the blonde hated them.

But one tale, Shino's father had told him, one Rio never spoke of. Rio had once angered their father greatly. As punishment Rio was sent to a human town and forced to live as one until he died. Although, the purple haired boy had heard stories of it before. Sometimes, the gods themselves would go down to the mortal realm and live a human life until they died. More often than not they would take away memories of their godliness until they reawoke in their true forms after death.

Shino's father had done that to Rio. But he was far too angry to take away Rio's memory. Rio lived hundreds of human lives remembering what he was, and what he should have been able to do. Needless to say, after the first few lives, the blonde learned to keep his mouth shut about the matter. Humans didn't think that gods did such a thing. It wasn't the best life his brother had lived. But then again, that was long before Shino was born. None the only thing the blonde did that annoyed their father was dwell on the purple haired boy.

That night, after a day of loneliness, Shino paced outside of his father's bedroom chamber. He was well aware of Murasame's red eyes following him up and down the hall. He paced back and forth, eyebrows knitted together. No matter how much he walked, he couldn't think of a way to piss his dad off enough to get sent to the mortal realm.

Yet, he had the feeling that if he just asked, his father would give in easily. But he couldn't bring himself to do so. His mind shouted at him. 'Just ask.'

So he lifted his small pale hand to the door and knocked. Murasame's wings fluttered the moment he did, as the raven took off. The door creaked open, to reveal his father's giant golden bed.

"Father?" His voice was small.

"Come in, my son." The older gods' voice boomed. His voice shook the earth, as some would say, with its might.

Shino felt his arm fall to his side as he moved one leg forward. He didn't come into his father's personal chamber very often, nor did the elder one let many into his room. Even as his son, Shino had been turned away many times.

"Father, I wish to ask you something." He tilted his head wearily. His hands formed two small fists as he looked up into his father's yellow eyes. The same cat like eyes he had.

* * *

><p>Thank you little guest reviewer.

I appreciate feed back.

Disclaimer- we already know

Please review

3. Chapter 3

Forget me, not

Part three

Winter meetings

When Shino awoke, he was covered in snow, although he shook most of it off while sitting up. The brilliant light of the country stars shown down making everything glow. His yellow eyes darted up to the tree next to him. This place felt so familiar, but distant at the same time. His long purple hair glistened as it flowed out like ribbons along the freezing whiteness.

He cocked his head to the side. He had purple hair? That was unusual. Or was it? He knew his name, but what else was there?

After a few moments puzzling over the matter, he flopped back down in the snow. He didn't understand what he was doing here. He also could not recall most of his life.

"Oi!" A somewhat deep voice called out to him. To the left, the snow crunched beneath handwoven leather made snow boots. Deep blue eyes stared at him as the figure came closer.

Shino glared at the foggy person. Well at least he thought it was called a person. He couldn't remember why he knew that. With shivering limbs he pushed himself up. The light dust of snow that had covered him fell to his lap.

"Oi!" The person called again. His voice hinted with concern. "What are you doing out here?"

Shino looked around. He didn't think he knew the person, he wasn't even sure that the man was talking to him. For some strange reason he felt as though he should have been invisible. His voice was weak when he found that there was no one else to answer the question.
"Me?"

"No the snow on the ground." The male said sarcastically. "Yes you."

"Oh, um, I'm not to sure." He said honestly.

"I haven't seen you around the village. Where are you headed too?"

Shino rubbed his head, shaking the whiteness from his soaked locks.
"I'm not sure..."

"Your name?" The other looked at him with worry filling his eyes.

"Shino." He answers immediately before adding in a shy tone. "I think."

"Hello Shino." The other smiled bending down to offer a hand to the small boy. "I'm Sosuke, would you like to come home to warm up until we find your family?"

Shino nodded. He could tell, even though his memories were a blank, that he was happier than he had been in a long time.

* * *

><p>Rio stormed through the halls of his fathers palace. His long blonde hair whipping in the wind behind him. His features obviously upset. The white robes that adorned his flying open with each and every turn.<p>

"Father!" His voice echoed out as his hands pushed open the golden doors to his father's thrown room.

"What is it now Rio?" The yellow eyed god sighed annoyed as he waved away a servant.

"You sent Shino to the human world? How could you!" Rio exclaimed.

"He was intent on going. Unlike you, the tiniest things can make him happy. It's only for a few months, go to sleep, he'll be back before you know it."

"Are you forcing his to die a human death to come back?" Rio bit his lip, not wanting to think of the pain that would cause his little brother.

"That is the only way. Worry not, Rio, I have given his a body that will not last long. And should you miss him that much, go down a watch him. Ah, Shino would leave for weeks at a time to watch those silly humans. I will never understand..."

Rio gave the elder god a glare before he left the room. Making his way back through the corridors, he found himself in the garden. His blue eyes watched the sky of their realm.

"Murasame." He called out in a gentle voice.

Black wings fluttered from the tree in the center of the garden, beady red eyes watched the older brother. "Yes, Rio-dono?"

"Do you know where my brother is?"

"Yes." Murasame cawed.

"I wish to see him. Take me." He demanded.

* * *

><p>In case anyone is thinking it, yes I know it's so short... but for a good reason.**

Thank you guest reviewer for commenting and my lovely two followers. Thank you so much.

Disclaimer- nononono

_**To be honest, I completely forgot that I didn't finish this...
Sorry 'bout that... Enjoy...**_

_**Ugh, this chapter is short too... well the next one has to be
long...**_

_**Thanks for all the amazing reviews and follows ect... I'll
definitely remember the next chapter.**_

Forget me, not

Part four

Invisible me

Sosuke watched the younger boy. His long purple hair tangled in his sleep. Light snores came from the slightly opened mouth. At first his new housemate could be misconstrued as a small girl. But after carrying the small child all the way home Sosuke knew better.

He watched his new friend's slumber. Where had he come from? Where was he going? Why had he forgotten? What had he forgotten? Many other questions plagued his mind. Even as morning began to creep in upon him, he still couldn't help but to stare.

"Sosuke!" A young girl came skidding into the room.

"Shh, Hamaji, we have a visitor." He chide.

"Opps." She covered her mouth with her hands, some of her wavy pink locks catching on her finger tips. "She's so pretty."

Sosuke laughed. "Don't tell him that. He might get upset."

"He?!" She whispered. "But he looks like one of the dolls that mama gets me."

"He does." The blue haired male mused.

After a few hours of chatting with his sister and watching over the sleeping boy, Sosuke stifled a yawn. Dawn would surely be upon them soon, and chores need to be tended too. Picking his tiny sister's sleeping head off of his lap, he throw one last glance back at 'Shino' before leaving. Though he felt himself shiver as he nudged the door closed with his foot.

* * *

><p>"There." Murasame cawed. His beady red eyes looking at the sliding door of the wooden house. The wooden porch creaked uneasily beneath the blonde's weight as he stepped out of the snow filled garden.<p>

Rio's blue eyes narrowed at the sight of the place. It was not a household that should hold his brother. It looked poor and run down, much like the rest of the village.

"How does he even find this place remotely interesting?" The older brother sighed.

Murasame cocked his head to Rio as if to not understand what there was not like or dislike. "In there." He repeated.

Rio rolled his eyes. "You may go." But before the last word even left his lips the crow was gone. He paid the bird no mind though. After seeing this retched place that his poor younger brother was staying in he, too, wanted to leave as fast as he could.

To his surprise the door did not open up to his sleeping brother's room. It opened to a family sort of room with a large wooden table. Seeing nobody in the room he didn't spare another glance at the rest of the place. It sicked him to think his Shino was here somewhere cramped in a tiny closet sized room.

Making his was further in Rio spotted a blue haired boy with a small girl in his arms. He shivered as he used the heel of his foot to close the sliding door. Snuggling his, what Rio could only think to be, his sister a little closer, he made his way off to another room down the hall.

Quietly Rio opened the door that had just been shut and peeked in. A hooded lantern borough about only a dim light to the room. Sitting upright looking around at the walls was his Shino.

"Shino." He said entering the room as gracefully as he could in his hurry, it was all he could do to not stubble on his white cloak. "How could you come here without telling me! This is your worst idea yet."

He yelled and talked, and yet, Shino never glimps his way. Never sighed in aggravation of the lecture. In face, the more Rio talked the more he noticed that Shino's bright yellow eyes were focuses on the window that led outside.

Even Rio had to admit, it looked nice. The snow was so white, with the moon shining down upon it it almost looked as if it were glowing. There were no footprints. No trails or signs of disturbances. Just white.

"It's so amazingly beautiful here." Shino whispered. His voice quivered as if he were afraid that he would cause the pure blissfulness to become undone.

"It is." Rio agreed sadly. His footfalls on the floor did not echo, she shuffle of his cloak dragging on the floor behind him did not bother his brother. "I just wish you could see me here with you. After all, we're all invisible to those who need us the most."

He sat next to his brother. Stayed with him till sleep over came the young boy. Every once in a while he would brush Shino's soft purple hair away from his face and give a light smile. He stayed until the sun rose, just wishing that whatever it was, it wouldn't be painful. And his brother would be happy for his short time in the place he eld so close to his heart.

5. Chapter 5

Forget me, not

Part Five

Of Waiting and Watching

Sosuke frowned. The days were warming up and yet the small cold he had caught nearly a month before had yet to fade. His new friend had remembered nothing but his name and meeting Sosuke that snowy night. Hamaji claimed he fell from the heavens to give her suck up older brother a friend, and much to his displeasure, Shino went along with her most days.

"Shino." He said entering the younger boy's room, a small tray of food in his hands. "I brought you something to eat."

The cat eyed boy shrugged him off, his hair cascading down around his frail frame. "Not hungry."

"Shino." Sosuke sighed heavily.

The boy didn't look at the teen or the tray of food that Sosuke gently set down next to him. His yellow eyes stared at the window, watching the green grass sway in the nice spring breeze.

"I have a favor to ask." Shino voiced suddenly. "And it's kind of stupid."

"Ask."

"Will you cut my hair?"

Sosuke was startled by the question. "Why? You're hair is so beautiful the way it is."

Shino's cheeks puffed out as he looked at the older male. "That's not a compliment! I'm a boy, I should have short hair like you. I don't want to look like a girl!" He coughed.

"Shino!" Sosuke instantly fond himself rubbing the back of his friend, hoping to quell the mild fit the other was having. Upon the pale hand being pulled back from his face, both Shino and Sosuke could see the speckled blood spatter.

"Ah, won't be long now." Shino muttered, venom of regret filled his voice.

"Don't talk like that!" Sosuke barked at him.

Yellow eyes widened with surprise. "Sorry."

The angry lines that crinkled the teen's face vanished. "Come on let's get you dressed, we'll cut your hair outside."

"R-really?"

"Of course. It's such a nice day. Wouldn't it be a waste to spend it inside."

"Yeah!"

It took a few minutes to get Shino dressed. Sosuke called Hamaji to help look to the shears as Shino waited outside. The boy swung his legs over the wooden porch and watched the blue sky. He smiled at the clouds as they rolled by.

A bark came from the bushes, startling Shino. He grinned as a fluffy black and white dog came bouncing out at him. The dog trampled him, knocking him over just to lick his face.

"Oh, I see you've met Yoshiro." Sosuke said walking out, Hamaji right behind him.

"Yoshiro! She beamed. Her childish hands grabbing at his pulling him into a hug. Much to Shino's surprise the dog stayed calm even in the child's grip.

"He comes by every now and again." The teen explained, taking the shears to Shino's purple locks. He shook his head at the waste of the gorgeous hair. "I don't know who he belongs to, I think he might be a stray."

"So-nii," The pink haired girl called cutely, the way she did every time she wanted something. "Can we keep him? He doesn't have a home."

"I would have to ask mom Hamaji."

"But he's like Shino. He needs us to be his family."

Shino let his eyes shift over to her, careful not to move his head. "Really?"

"Yeah." She smiled from ear to ear. "I want Yoshiro to be part of our family."

"And done." Sosuke declared. His blues eye glared at the back of Shino's head. "It's much curlier now."

"Thank you!" Shino smile. "Could I have a piece of paper when we go back in?"

"Sure." Sosuke looked confused. "And let me go ask mom about Yoshiro right now."

* * *

><p>Shino lazily lounged on his tree branch, ignoring Murasame's squawks. His hand rested on his cheek, the short curly purple hair tickling his finger tip. He let out a sigh. It had probably been years since he had lived in the human world. Not once after dying had he gone back to live among them. But sometimes he would visit.<p>

This, though, was the first time he had come back here. His favored place. He held that winter and spring in his memory, he probably always would. The kind family, the warm home, the peaceful village.

The village was a little different. It was more of a town now. It had

many buildings and most were made of some not just cheap wood. Though it still looked small. The home and family probably wasn't there anymore. Shino didn't have the courage to check.

" Shino-dono!"

"Shut it!" Shino snapped looking down at the autumn leaves that fell to the crisp grass. There were no children playing in the field as he had hoped. He did always love to watch them play.

"Shino-do-"

"I said shut the hell up!" Shino said pushing himself up.

"Is that anyway to greet your older brother?" Rio's blue eyes narrowed as he sat on the tickler part of the branch next to Shino.

" Sorry Rio-nii. Murasame won't shut up."

Rio hummed in acknowledgement. "It's nice here."

"Yeah it is." Shino scooted closer so his brother could give him a half hug as they sat.

"Do you miss it?"

"Yes."

They stayed like that for a while. To them it didn't matter that days could have passed. All that mattered was sitting there for a while. But as the sun began to set, for the umpteenth time since Rio had joined him, the blonde stood.

"Come home when you are ready." The older one said before leaving, forcing the noisy raven haired crow-boy with him.

"I wonder if I was forgotten." Shino wondered aloud. "When you're alone, remember I was always there for you."

"Oh what a lovely day." An old man came into the field. He stepped heavily with the help of his cane. "Such fine weather."

Shino smiled at the old man. He felt silly doing such, but he voiced his opinion anyways. "It would be a lot nicer if the field was still fill with children."

The old man laughed as he sat on the ground below the tree. He looked up at the sky through the bushes, then back down at a piece of parchment in his hands.

When you're alone, remember I was always there for you.

When you're afraid, remember how I held you.

When you're lost, remember I always found you.

When you fall into despair, remember my smile.

When you mourn me, remember I live on with you.

So if you grow old, and wither away

Mind crumbling, forgetting everything you hold dear...

promise I will not be forgotten.

Because, even though our time was short

I will not forget you.

"I never forgot you little god, have you forgotten me?"

Shino broke out in a laugh for the first time in what he could imagine was many many years. He jumped down from the tree descending slowly and gently like a leaf. "How could I So..."

* * *

><p>Dun Dun Dun... The End*

_Sorry it took sooo long, honestly I didn't think I would finish it. But then I saw all the reviews and fallows and favs and I told myself I had to! So here's to you guys thanks for reading and reviewing and yada! _

See ya next time.

Silven Knightly

End
file.